

*Miss Alice L. Titus*  
*of Athens, N.Y.*

# FLORA LYLE

A Ballad with Chorus.

Words by

PETER F. STOUT, ESQ.

Music by

M. KELLER.

as sung by

ROLLIN HOWARD,

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS

NEW-YORK.

HORACE WATERS.

481 BROADWAY.

Stackpole & Co



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1862  
Keller







# FLORA LYLE.

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*Moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p*

*p*

I. VER: How oft we've wan-der'd by yon stream, That on with gur-gling  
II. VER: Thy joys were mine, and mine were thine And youth so hap-py

trill seem'd, Sweeps rip-pling o'er its mos-sy bed To  
We hard-ly thought, to-mor-row e'er Would



turn the rat - tling mill; How oft we've chas'd the  
thus dis - pel the dream! In vain I lis - ten

but - ter - - fly And leap'd the mea-dow stile, But  
for thy voice, I miss thine art - less smile, The

ma - ny years have pass'd since then My play-mate, Flo - ra  
li - lies o'er yon white slab, mourn My sweet-heart, Flo - ra



## CHORUS.

*mf*

Lyle! How oft we've chas'd the but-ter - fly And leap'd the mea-dow  
 Lyle In vain I lis-ten for thy voice I miss thine art-less

*mf*

How oft we've chas'd the but-ter - fly And leap'd the mea-dow  
 In vain I lis-ten for thy voice I miss thine art-less

*mf*

stile, But ma-ny years have pass'd since then My playmate Flo - ra Lyle!  
 smile, The li - lies o'er yon white slab, mourn My sweetheart Flo - ra Lyle!

*mf*

stile, But ma-ny years have pass'd since then My playmate Flo - ra Lyle!  
 smile, The li - lies o'er yon white slab, mourn My sweetheart Flo - ra Lyle!

D.C.



